THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1864.

CLOSE BY MY MOTHER'S SIDE.

Where shall I make the grave?
Here, where the willow lave,
Singing her dirge?
Here, where the tide blooms,
Breathing its sweet perfumes?
Oh, no, not there!
Close by my mother's side,
Let all my sorrow hide—
There, only there!

Look down this hallowed dell—
Here shade and silence dwell;
Deep in the gloom,
Here, at life's noisy hum,
Broken heart, find thy rest;
Oh, no, not there!
Take me where sleepeth she,
Close by my mother's side—
There, only there!

Yonder in marble hall,
Spread is the nuptial pall,
Feet and sight
Glowing with radiant mirth,
Telling of deeds that bathe!
Oh, no, not there!
Prouder my greatest pride,
Close by my mother's side—
There, only there!

Loving heart, here's the place;
Dust to dust, Death's embrace!
Ends thy faith here?
No, no; I see them crowd,
Beaming with glad surprise,
Waked from this sleep,
Welcomed among the blest—
Pain and fear all at rest—
There, only there!

Answered her life-long plea,
Light and the truth to see,
Cleansed that weak heart!
Oh, to partake the crown,
Dust with joy dust the white,
My humble judgment! How
Close by my mother's side!
Let me the morning hide,
There, only there!

The Haunted House of Arleigh.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

CHAPTER XI.

MISS ARLEIGH'S PAINTING.

What old Tim had told me of poor Rachael's story served a two-fold purpose; it drew me nearer to him as having known her, and made her memory too sacred for idle lament or hopeless sorrow. I did not see Janet again that night, and after the old man had left me, I sat communing with the past and my own heart, till the chill air and faint gray light struggling through the curtains showed me the day. Then I lay down awhile to rest, and thinking still, sank away into slumber. I awoke when it was fully morning, and arose, quiet, but very sad to bind again the loosened chain of life about me, that had lost its dearest link. I do not remember feeling either weak or faint as I began my accustomed work; every trace of my illness seemed swallowed in my loss of Rachael, and by-and-by, Janet coming in, started in surprise to see me busied in my old seat by the window over my sewing. She looked worn and jaded, and the heavy lines were drawn deeper in her hard face than I had ever seen them before. When she spoke after a while, (she did not address me at once, but made a pretence, I thought, of going about the room, before doing so,) I found her manner changed, not to gentleness or tenderness, but the harsh forbidding tone was gone, and in its stead was something akin to interest.

"You have had a loss" she said, "but you are too young and hopeful to bend under it; cheer up, for where there is no self-reproach, there can be no lasting sting."

There was more relenting expressed towards me in her voice, than I could ever have imagined it capable of conveying, and she stood before me with her dead black eyes watching mine, not unkindly.

"So you were Rachael's sister," she added the next moment.

"Yes," I replied, my tears swelling at her name. "Yes, that is I was—"

"That is, she adopted you," she interrupted me. "Yes I know you told me that."

"Told you that," I exclaimed, sitting up suddenly and looking at her in astonishment. "When did I tell you that?"

"Oh, on one of those long, quiet nights, when you and I talked together in confidence."

She laughed a sharp, dry complacent laugh, and pointed to the little bed in the chamber beyond. I recalled strange disjointed bits of conversation, things that I partly knew and partly guessed at, fragments that seemed half dreams, half realities, as my eye followed her finger, and my mind gathered her meaning. She watched me; reading my thoughts and nodded her head with another strange laugh.

"Eccentric," she said, "but wonderful dreaming, too!"

I was always affected by her, and now she held me so completely in the power of her coal black eyes, that I could only watch her without speaking, till she released me and turned towards the door. Then I said,

"There was a letter, Janet; did it come to Miss Arleigh, was no one sent to tell me—oh, if I could only know why I was forgotten!"

"The letter came to Miss Arleigh because it related to business; that old Corbin woman who came from Dover yesterday, brought all you want to hear. This is your breakfast, the last meal I will serve you as a nurse—there is something for you to do, now you're well; remember, you're well, and able to do it now." She said this as she laid a cloth and spread my tea and toast ready for me; and finishing, she drew me towards it and forced me to sit down. "Eat," she said, "you must eat to work." I obeyed her, with my mind on Mrs. Corbin. "You know you engaged to attend Miss Arleigh, and she needs you now, greatly," she said; "she is ill, worse than you can think—so I pray you give but little time to what you cannot change or alter; and make haste and come to her. You will do this I know, when I tell you again that she really needs you."

Janet left me, and I swallowed the tea and ate the toast eagerly, for I said to myself, "I must do what I can to be useful—Rachael would have me do so, I know." I felt that Mrs. Corbin would soon see me. I was not mistaken. In a few minutes Tim ushered her in, and I was at her side, listening breathlessly to what she had to tell me. It was nothing but what I had already guessed at; they had taken their journey at a wrong time. Rachael had sunk from the first, but was so hopeful, that her aunt could not persuade her to send for or alarm me; and even when she became too weak to sit up or move, she still clung to the idea of coming back and surprising me. One evening she had been talking cheerfully of being better, and hoping to be home at Christmas, in the old house in White Chapel road, when suddenly she fell back among her pillows cold and fainting; and after an hour or two of weak struggling efforts for life, went home indeed. It was the night on which Miss Arleigh had been so disturbed, and the night on which I had seen her in the doorway. I was still crying quietly, beside Mrs. Corbin, when Janet came for me.

"Come," she said, "Miss Arleigh is calling for you."

The old lady rose.

"Barbara," she said, "you know how Rachael loved you; all she left is yours when you claim it, she meant it for you, I know."

I choked as I caught her hand in mine, and begged her to give me some keepsake—something my dear sister had worn, and keep the rest, for I could need nothing more; her kindness and love had made me able to take care of myself. Then, after parting with her for the present, I followed Janet, with trembling steps, to quite the other end of the house, where I had never been before. At a door of modern make and bright color we stopped to knock, and then entered. The room into which it opened was different in every way from any other part of the house, the walls were brilliantly painted, the panels gilded, and the furniture fresh and fanciful. There was something like grace in the decorations unlike the quiet old-fashioned grandeur of the rest of the rooms; and wondering at this, I wondered still more to see its mistress sitting upright among rich, gay cushions, though ghastly pale, and illness stamped on every feature, working nervously with trembling fingers at some brilliant embroidery.

"I thought you would never come," she cried impatiently, the instant I appeared, and without a word about my sickness, or the dreadful sorrow that had befallen me, she continued—"There, read to me, talk to me, do whatever you wish to do, I need you now more than ever."

If she had named Rachael to me I suppose I should have been weak and powerless, but there was something in her face that always made me lock up my heart in her presence, and in a few moments I was glad it was so now. I sat down; there was a table at her side, and books and engravings upon it. I took them up.

"Here are some pictures," I said, "what are they about? Strange scenes, and strange people too, who are they?" I asked her, not that I cared to know or scarcely saw them, but that I had to speak, and this was something to speak of. She drew the picture from my hand and looked at it an instant, then flung it fiercely on the ground.

"Why did you bring me that?" she cried. "Talk, talk, I say, I did not send for you to harrow me again. If you cannot speak, read; here are books, you see; take this one; I don't know which it is, but take it and read."

Janet stood by looking grimly at us both, whilst I commenced reading something of which I cannot now even recall the name. Miss Arleigh interrupted me.

"You can go now, Janet, you see I do not want you, we are both tired of each other, and you need rest."

Janet laughed the hard short laugh that seemed to belong to her, and turned on her heel. At the door she looked over her shoulder and said in an undertone—

"I do not need rest, and that girl is only half recovered. Don't tax her too much—remember."

She went away and left us alone together. It was a dull, sleepy sort of day outside, with a clouded sort of light and no sunshine; the wind every little while would dash suddenly against the windows as if demanding entrance, then die off in a hollow whistle, and hurry away round the house-corner. At every one of these sounds the white face opposite me would grow whiter, and the compressed lips be drawn more tightly together as she leaned forward to listen, crying,

"What's that?" And when she had grown quieter, and had listened a long time to what I was reading, I stopped, and looking round me, said—

"What a bright room this is, everything reflects the clear glow of the fire. It's very cheerful."

"Is it?" she asked, watching my face; "do you really think so?"

"Yes," I answered. "Why is it unlike every place else in the house?"

"I try to make it so. I am very miserable at times, you know, and I must have something around me to take my thoughts away from things I have known. Old books, old furniture, old faces become insupportable to me then; you have seen me banish Janet just now, well, I cannot control these things."

I glanced at the picture at her feet.

"Is that an old memory?" I asked, and read the name. "An Indian sunset. Were you ever in India?"

"No, no," she exclaimed; "why do you ask, do you know anything of it? What do you know? Speak, will you?" But without waiting for a word from me, she rose quickly, caught the paper from the floor and threw it on the coals. It flamed up in an instant and went circling up in light fragments. As she dropped into her place again a sudden thought flashed into my mind; there were women in the picture standing by a well, under tall trees, and they were dressed just as the lady I had seen so strangely, and who now seemed like a dream to me since the illness and trouble I had had. Thinking this, I was silent and lost in thought for a moment, but Miss Arleigh was not so; she watched me with her eager, hungry look, and then sank back with her weak body and tireless soul, that would not let her rest, a miserable picture of wretched disquiet. Hours and hours after this—it was somewhere in the twilight, I think, for we had dined and were sitting in the blaze of candle and fire-light—she could not bear the approach of darkness, and warded it off at its first warning shadow—Miss Arleigh became as she was when at her best, smiling, smooth, low-voiced and composed. She laughed at herself for what she called her nervous follies, and talked gayly of being out again in London when the spring season commenced. Riding and driving, she said, gave her new life; it was only because she was moped up in this dull horror of a house that she had run down so. That was all; and now she was sleepy, positively sleepy, and must lie down, but I must not leave her, remember that. She must see me when she woke again surely. Why she clung to me thus I knew then less than ever, but I promised her and waited on her till she lay among her pillows, the sallow whiteness of her sharp features looking ghastly among their mowy laces.

CHAPTER XII.

A DREAM OF THE INDIAN WOMAN.

I was weary too—so weary that I ached in every nerve. It was dreary in her splendid chamber, when her restless eyes were closed, and the strange life I could not fathom seemed to go out for a while. I sat looking at the fire, too dull and worn even to think, till its glow became less and less, and at last faded out entirely from before me. Once or twice I started,

THE PNEUMATIC RAILROAD IN THE GROUNDS OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE, LONDON.

[See Article on Fourth Page.]

...the ground and the light that flooded the room. I could even distinguish the dark curtains of the windows, and the outlines of some ordinary articles of furniture. Then I knew that I was in my own chamber, and that the dreadful night was over. There was still a feeling of pain, of great pain, in my head, but the fearful confusion of thought was gone. I knew that I had been ill, and that I was recovering. I was glad of it. I was glad to be alive. I was glad to be in my own room, with the sunlight streaming in. I was glad to be lying in my own bed, with the clothes pulled up to my chin. I was glad to be thinking about all these things. I was glad to be thinking at all. I was glad to be alive, to be thinking, to be remembering, to be recovering. I was glad of everything.

I turned my head on the pillow, and looked around the room. Everything was in its place. My dressing-table, my wardrobe, my chairs, my pictures, my books, my writing-desk, my work-basket, my footstool, my hearth-rug, my fire-irons, my fender, my mantelpiece, my clock, my vases, my candlesticks, my lamp, my sofa, my table, my carpet, my curtains, my blinds, my windows, my walls, my ceiling, my floor, my door, my bell-rope, my gas-fittings, my everything. Everything was in its place. Everything was familiar to me. Everything was dear to me. Everything was mine. I was glad of everything. I was glad to be myself, to be Mary Elizabeth Winthrop, to be twenty-three years old, to be living in Number Seventeen Pinckney Street, to be in my own room, to be in my own bed, to be lying on my own pillow, to be looking at my own things, to be thinking my own thoughts, to be feeling my own feelings, to be remembering my own memories, to be recovering my own health, to be glad of my own gladness, to be grateful for my own gratitude, to be happy in my own happiness, to be alive in my own life, to be myself in my own self, to be Mary Elizabeth Winthrop, to be twenty-three years old, to be living in Number Seventeen Pinckney Street, to be in my own room, to be in my own bed, to be lying on my own pillow, to be looking at my own things, to be thinking my own thoughts, to be feeling my own feelings, to be remembering my own memories, to be recovering my own health, to be glad of my own gladness, to be grateful for my own gratitude, to be happy in my own happiness, to be alive in my own life, to be myself in my own self, and to be grateful for everything.

I was glad to be alive, and I was glad to be myself, and I was glad to be in my own room, and I was glad to be in my own bed, and I was glad to be lying on my own pillow, and I was glad to be looking at my own things, and I was glad to be thinking my own thoughts, and I was glad to be feeling my own feelings, and I was glad to be remembering my own memories, and I was glad to be recovering my own health, and I was glad of my own gladness, and I was grateful for my own gratitude, and I was happy in my own happiness, and I was alive in my own life, and I was myself in my own self, and I was

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE [illegible] of the Great Rebellion in the United States of America, 1860-64: Its Causes, Incidents and Results; intended as History especially in Moral and Political Science; with the Drift and Progress of American Institutions. By [illegible]. Vol. I. From 1770 to the Close of the War for Independence. By Horace Greeley. Illustrated by Facsimiles on Steel, of Counterfeit Bank Notes, &c. Vol. I. Published by O. B. Zieber & Co., Hartford. We have already noticed this work, and now cheerfully add that, according to the prospectus, it is [illegible] a very large one. The second volume will be published as soon as practicable after the close of the war.

THOMSON'S NEW CENT BOOK, or, UNCLE AND FRIENDLY ADVISER FOR THE BOYS AND MEN OF GOOD CHARACTER AND GOOD CONDUCT. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE RIVAL BELLES; or, Love in Washington. By J. R. Adams, author of "Wild Western Scenes," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

LETTERS ON CONVERSATION. By WILLIAM BAYNES. Published J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE ROYSTON PAPERS. By St. Clarence Travers. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE. By Mrs. Henry Wood. This is the story of "Passmoney Abbey," published by us several years since. It is very good of its kind. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

MAGAZINES.—Harper's for October, the Atlantic for October, and Godey's Lady's Book, have been received, and well maintain their reputations.

☞ A Parisian physician relates a curious case of poisoning by tobacco. A man had wrapped tobacco leaves around his body on the naked skin, in order to smuggle the article across the frontier, but the perspiration caused by walking in hot weather gave rise to an absorption of the watery principle of the tobacco through the skin, which led to dangerous symptoms.

☞ A man down on Cape Cod, who separated from his wife, married a second woman, with whom he lived a year and a-half, and then died. Hereupon the lady prosecuted the estate. The second wife sued her for pay for services during the time she lived with the deceased, and, after hearing the evidence, last week a good natured Cape Cod jury gave her a verdict allowing her $3 per week.

Brown Rose, whose pining pantaloons red
Love's trifling pinion in the sunrise dips,
Till fainting, fading, with its scarlet lips
Rebelling blue, then sickest in thy bed,
All palpitating with deliriant red—
Then art MY lady's lips!
I faint, I die in this
Delirium of bliss,
Ah, let me smell your cut heart—o kiss
Upon my lady's lips!

☞ Rose Christian Andersen is severe on crinoline. He says:—In this dress the female can all look equally stout—young girls as well as old women; in fact, like an open umbrella, distended around the waist—walking with which neither nature nor nature's Creator had anything to do. Yet, in a thousand years women will not have crinoline; its very name will never be mentioned. It will only be noticed in some very ancient works, and those who read them and see the pictures of the belles of our days equiped in crinoline, will cry, "Marvelful Heavens! what a ridiculous dress!"

☞ A Mount Washington letter says that nearly all the waiters at the hotels are young lady school teachers, of intelligent aspect, and easy, affable manners. They take this plan each season of seeing the mountains and of making an honest dollar at the same time.

☞ A man recently sat down at the supper-table of the Wendell House in Cleveland, and, without any ado, ate, in addition to the usual dishes, twenty-seven hard boiled eggs. He arose and walked away unconcernedly, as if he had done nothing wonderful.

☞ An ingenious trick has just been detected in Paris. A man and woman worked it. The man would go into a shop and make a small purchase of a few sous only, for which he paid with a five-franc or ten-franc piece, and received the change. Immediately after his departure his female confederate would enter and also make a small purchase. Then, after looking at other goods for a few minutes, she would politely ask for her change, and when the shop-keeper denied having received any coin from her, she would reply that he must have forgotten, and that if he looked in his till he would find a gold piece with a certain mark on it. On finding such a piece the astonished tradesman would, of course, give the change with many apologies.

☞ The Trenton Gazette mentions the death of a boy at that place, caused by frequent bathing in impure water. He absorbed the poison through the skin, abscesses formed, and he died after two weeks' sickness. Such cases are not uncommon where boys bathe in ponds that depend for a supply of water on the rains and not on springs. In dry seasons the water becomes corrupt and poisonous.

☞ A police officer in the capital of this state once arrested certain parties for offences against the city ordinances, and upon their arraignment was the principal witness for the Government. Describing the time when the offence was committed, he said it was between sunset and dark." "You mean to say," said the Court, "that it was twilight?" "I don't know anything about Latin," responded the witness, "but I know it was between sunset and dark."

☞ HUSKING.—The question is not yet settled how many bushels of corn a man can or should husk in a day. Daniel Sleett, Jr., of Sumcon county, New York, is stated, husked in one day, working only nine hours, 97 bushels of ears of corn; 90 of which were good sound ears, and seven of poor corn. The ears were pulled from the stalks which had been cut from the ground and shocked in the usual way; and the stalks he bound up as he proceeded. During the last hour he husked twelve bushels. Who can beat it?

☞ Atlanta is the place which John C. Calhoun, many years since, said would become the greatest inland city of the South, and the capital of a Southern Confederacy. The would-be prophet hadn't a glimpse of Sherman and his soldiers in his dreams.

☞ Prof. Charles Martin, Hampden Sidney College, Virginia, advertises the suspending of his private school. "Terms—$5,000 for forty weeks. Everything found except lights and towels."

The Stove Cottage.

[The following description is given of the cottage now being finished by the inventor of Mr. Stove, for their own occupancy, at Hartford, Conn.:]

We visited recently the new Gothic cottage on the banks of Little River, above Stove's Ride Factory, now being finished for the family of Mrs. E. K. E. Stove, the inventor. Externally it seems to be rather commonplace, but an examination of the interior reveals a large number of rooms, unusually large and exceedingly well arranged. The situation is very fine. A natural grove of oaks surrounds the building. The surface of the land is undulating, and on the east is the beautiful stream of Little or Turk River.

The building is of brick, in the Gothic style. The main entrance opens into a wide and lofty hall, which is divided from a conservatory by a depressed Gothic arch, bearing on a shield at the apex the coat of arms of Connecticut.

Through this arch will be seen a fountain surrounded with beautiful plants. This conservatory occupies the south side of the building, is roofed and lighted with glass. It extends from the first floor to the roof, and on the second floor is a gallery, opening into the spacious bedrooms on each side. The great beauty presented on first entering, apart from the grandeur, is the grand stairway, which is carved, the wood-work being a marked feature. It extends high above the skylight, and is to be surmounted by a lantern ornament. The railing is a solid frame, beautifully carved in rosewood and open work composed of the different American woods, arranged in contrast as to color and grain. All the wood-work in the house exhibits the natural color. Most of it is oiled; though some is varnished. The doors and window-casings, and the work around the fireplaces and mantels, are of American and English oak, curled-maple, butternut, chestnut, black-walnut, and pine. It is so arranged as to make contrasts, the color of one wood brought into juxtaposition acting as a compensation to another.

Though the house is to be warmed in cold weather by a furnace, common wood fires will be used when the weather is not severely cold, to give an air of comfort to each room.

The variety of finish makes the whole house a complete museum. One room has the walls covered with maroon-colored velvet paper; another is green, and another has a paper resembling pink rainbows, wrought in the manner of cornelians, or water-sheets, both brown, and dotted-pannes, the house is well endowed.

Who Commenced the War?

These English writers who would throw the guilt of the war upon the North, are requested to read the following catalogue of "remarkable events," published in a Southern Almanac, all of which occurred during the Presidency of Mr. Buchanan and before a blow was struck by the Union:—

Dec. 27, 1860—Capture of Fort Moultrie and Castle Pinckney by South Carolina troops. Capt. Coste surrenders the revenue cutter Aiken.

Jan. 2, 1861—Capture of Fort Pulaski by the Savannah troops.

Jan. 3—The arsenal at Mount Vernon, Alabama, with 20,000 stand of arms, seized by the Alabama troops.

Jan. 4—Fort Morgan, in Mobile Bay, taken by the Alabama troops.

Jan. 9—The steamship Star of the West fired into and driven off by the South Carolina batteries on Morris Island. Failure of an attempt to reinforce Fort Sumter.

Jan. 10—Forts Jackson, St. Phillip and Pike, near New Orleans, captured by the Louisiana troops.

Jan. 14—Capture of Pensacola Navy Yard and Forts Barrancas and McRee. Major Chase shortly afterwards takes command, and the siege of Fort Pickens commences.

Jan. 15—Surrender of Baton Rouge Arsenal to Louisiana troops.

Jan. 31—New Orleans Mint and Custom House taken.

Feb. 2—Seizure of Little Rock Arsenal by Arkansas troops.

Feb. 4—Surrender of the revenue cutter Cass to the Alabama authorities.

Feb. 8—Provisional Constitution adopted.

Feb. 9—Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, and Alexander Stephens, of Georgia, elected President and Vice-President.

Feb. 16—Gen. Twiggs transferred public property in Texas to the state authorities. Colonel Waite, U. S. A., surrenders San Antonio to Col. Ben McCulloch and his Texas rangers.

March 2—The revenue cutter Dodge seized by the Texan authorities.

On the 12th of April Fort Sumter was bombarded; on the 13th it was surrendered, and on the 14th it was evacuated. It was not till the last named date that President Lincoln issued his first call for volunteers to put down the rebellion.

☞ RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT.—How many illuminations of celestial origin come to all in sincere hours! Are these inspirations to be subjected to the authority of any tribunal? All expression of *will* by bodies and individuals that others should think as they do is tyranny. Numbers have no more right than a single person to enforce doctrine. They are each and all fallible, and are bound to special caution lest they should exert an influence over each other unfriendly to impartiality. A community so bound to an opinion as to abandon a man, and to be unjust to his character, who questions it, is a persecutor as much as if it used legal penalties.—*Channing.*

☞ Abernethy's prescription to a wealthy patient was:—"Let your servant bring you three or four pails of water, and put it into a wash-tub; take off your clothes, and get into it, and from head to foot rub yourself well with it, and you'll recover." "This advice of yours seems very much like telling me to wash myself," said the patient. "Well," said Abernethy, "is it open to that objection."

☞ Keep your eyes wide open before marriage, half shut afterward.

☞ Tom is a bright little boy, and very much attached to his mother. The other day his father came home in a bad humor, and was scolding and finding fault with things generally. Little Tom sat and listened until he thought it necessary to interfere in behalf of his mother, when, looking up at his father, he said, in a very decided tone:—"If you did not like her ways, what did you marry her for?" I need scarcely add that the weather cleared up at once, and no storm was near.

☞ A Richmond baby died recently of its name—Rebellion Virginia Chicora Davis Johnston.

Terrible Accident in Distinguished Records.

Under this above head, the N. Y. Post of September 24 gave full (but shocking) life at the gold and produce exchange:

Great excitement was made some months ago for a "balloon ascension, involving all sorts of novel and unprecedented features. A number of speculatory persons, who saw fit to invest all their money in the concern, formed an organization for the purpose of buying a centre of gravity commission, and for a short time they prospered well. Advantage was taken of all the practicabilities of the scheme, and it seemed as if the observer contained in all the new undertaking. The "conditions," as the gentlemen say, were "beautiful" and sailing overhead, assisted by the prospect of large wages, gave their first exception to the constitution of the trade. Offices for organization on the capital stock of the Aeronautical Company were opened on the Stock Board, at the Produce Exchange, and in three or four of our largest dry goods establishments, and the prospect of success became so fair that it was determined to begin operations at once.

The necessary engagements for the balloon were speedily consummated. The substance "essence of gold," was produced by dissolving that metal in a temperature of 212 degrees, was the basis of the compound. While this was subjected to these temperatures, small quantities of flour, heated up to 75 degrees, cotton at 90 degrees, a finite horse at 45 degrees, and a sibling of undecided veal at 12 degrees. Small amounts of various kinds, pulverized butter at a pressure of 24 degrees, were added to the mixture, and portions of cotton were heated to a flame equal to 160 degrees. This chamber chemical experiment, being completed, there was the

"Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,"

which Macbeth's witches made use

"In charge of gravitation,"

produced the most extraordinary effects. The air became murky, men choked and staggered in the gaseous fumes, Stale chickens shrieked by the wayside, and women elected piteously. But the balloon rose, expanded, grew round and huge, and increased day by day, till the sun became obscured and the light turned into darkness. The experiment was perfectly successful.

On Saturday last, however, a sudden collapse took place. The balloon was punctured by one of those mysterious accidents which sometimes befall great enterprises, and we grieve to be compelled to state that its falling debris caught and crushed several of the persons who were engaged in managing it. Their number is not yet precisely known, but if we may judge from the struggling limbs which protrude from the ruins of the structure, many must have been lost or badly injured. Further particulars will be known in the course of the day.

INTERESTING SURGICAL OPERATION.—The Honolulu, (Sandwich Islands) Advertiser thus relates how a Chinaman got a new nose:

"A Chinaman went to the hospital, who had lost his nose, and wished a new one put on, if possible. Dr. H——— cut from the man's forehead a piece of skin of the requisite size and shape for a nose, then turning it down formed a new nose with it. The piece was cut in such a shape, so that it would leave open nostrils, and was then sewed to the face, in its proper position and shape. The result is that the man has an artificial nose, which could hardly be detected as such, except on close inspection. The skin of the forehead was stretched and sewed together, so that what was taken off is now hardly noticeable. This is one of the most remarkable surgical operations we have ever noticed, remarkable mainly for ingenuity and successful result."

MANNA.—Sir Roderick Murchison has been informed that a fall of manna has recently taken place in Asia Minor. This manna is a lichen which is formed in the steppes of the Kurghis, and is often carried in the fall to the west, across the Caspian. The grains, which are always perfectly detached, have much the form of a raspberry or mulberry, and are found frequently to be attached to a stony support of granite, sandstone and lime. The manna is ground into flour, and baked into bread, and is known amongst the Turks by the name of *kurdethophdasi*, which means wonder-corn or grain.

A DECISION ON MANNERS.—The Paris correspondent of the London Star says that the Jockey Club, before whose decrees the fashionable world bend, have decided that the English custom of shaking hands is henceforth to be considered the correct thing; and furthermore, in order to protect ladies from the annoyance of having to return the bows of any man who may choose to take off his hat to them in public, the English fashion is to be adopted of ladies bowing first.

☞ A monument recently erected to the memory of Henry Harris, of Williamsport, Pa., is that of a colt in the act of kicking him in the bowels. The following is the inscription:—"Sacred to the memory of Henry Harris, born June 27th, 1831, of Henry Harris, and Jane his wife. Died on the fourth of May, 1837, by the kick of a colt in the bowels, peaceable and quiet, a friend to his father and mother, and respected by all who knew him, and went to the world where horses won't kick, where sorrow and weeping is no more."

☞ The discussion on grapes at the late meeting of the Ohio Pomological Society at Toledo, among other things introduced the question as to the soil on which the best quality of grapes were grown. There seemed to be but one opinion, and that was that a strong, clayey soil, or one of loamy clay with a limestone or even slaty clay subsoil produced grapes much heavier in must, and therefore of better quality, than any variety of sand or alluvial deposit. In all cases, however, under drainage was spoken of as necessary to success in grape-growing.—*Ohio Farmer.*

☞ "How far is it to Taunton?" asked a countryman, who was walking exactly the wrong way to reach that town. "'Bout twenty-four thousand miles," said the lad he asked, "if you go the way you are going now; about a mile if you turn round."

☞ A few days ago an Englishman came in to a grocery to make a few purchases, but was not suited with prices, so he broke out with:—"What a bloody country! I could get more for twopence home, than I can 'ere for 'arf a crown." "Why the deuce didn't you stay at 'ome?" said the angry grocery man. "I'll tell you," replied John Bull, "I couldn't get the twopence."

The Words We Use.

Be cautious, be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word where a short one will do. Call a spade a spade, not a multiform edging instrument of mystical industry. Let home be a home, not a residence; a ghost a ghost, not a haunting; and an old man's home always always a long visit. You have, by choosing your language carefully, a fine command of your meaning; and, in the estimation of all men who are competent to judge, pure taste is synonymous for ability. The only true way to shine, amidst the false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may for a very short space, but in the course of time truth will find a place to break through. Eloquence of language may not be in the power of all of us, but simplicity and straightforwardness are.

Write much as you would speak; speak as you think. If with your features, speak no sooner than usual; if with your eyebrows, speak no less. Be what you say, and, whilst the rules of gentleness say what you are, dread all oddity of expression. No one ever was a genius by singularity of words, or by eccentricity of thought. The only one who will be applauded for this will be the lunatic who lives on the common alms. When I hear a person use a queer expression, or pronounce a name in reading differently from his neighbors, the habit always goes down, whatever high fashion it stands on the side of defiance, part of wealth. Avoid, therefore, all showy words. There is no greater nuisance in society than a talker of slang. It is only idle (then learning) which is odious in the eyes of the wise and good. Avoid, therefore, all slang words, and, in their commonest meanings. Let the same command run into the subjects in which it is employed, to the subject of conversation.

Once more, avoid in conversation all singularity of accentuary. One of the bores of society is the talker who is always setting you right; who, when you report from the paper that 10,000 men fell in some battle, tells you that it was 9,900; who, when you describe your walk as two miles out and back, assures you that it lacked half a furlong of it. Truth does not consist in minute accuracy of detail, but in conveying a right impression; and there are vague ways of speaking that are truer than strict fact would be. When the Psalmist said, "Blessed is water run down mine eyes, because men keep not thy law," he did not state the fact, but he stated a truth deeper than fact, and also truer.—*Dean Alford.*

A Wife or a Life.

Scott of Harden, one of the ancestors of Walter Scott, was a famous border thief, and at one time, when he had either spoiled the neighboring English of all their cattle, or had frightened them all away, he began to fear that from disuse he might become less expert at the honorable trade he pursued; and to keep his hand in, severed himself with driving the cattle of one of his own countrymen and neighbors, Murray of Elibank. Murray soon found means of pursuing himself and brought Scott, his followers, his cattle, &c., all prisoners to Elibank Castle. On the walls was sitting his wife, who, perceiving the train that followed him, asked what he meant to do with Scott. "Why hang him, to be sure," was the answer. The more prudent wife exclaimed, "What! hang such a winsome mannie as Harden when we have three such sorry damsels at home?" Murray was persuaded by his wife, and sending for one of his daughters, whose ugly face and immense mouth had acquired her the name of Meg o'mouth Murray, proposed to Scott to marry her, leaving him no other alternative but a halter. The unfortunate prisoner most ungallantly refused the lady; and the tradition says that it was not till the rope was tied to the tree, and he began to feel it tighten, that he repented. He was married, and sorrowfully bent his steps homewards, taking with him his ugly wife.

☞ A gentleman informs us, and we have no reason to doubt his veracity, that ten years ago he bought a piece of enameled cloth for a table cover, on which there was at that time, and had been ever since, a small bunch, apparently in the make of the cloth. A day or two since a child of his scraped with a knife the bunch, when out crawled a *bed bug*, as lively and happy as ever.

☞ The income of the four Rothschilds of Europe is estimated at $6,000,000, a year.

☞ The Brussels Sanitary Congress determined the maximum quantity of *solid matter* which good drinking-water might contain at forty-nine grains and a half per gallon, of which *not more than one* grain should be organic. The temperature should be about 10 deg. less than the surrounding air, and not less than 50 deg. below that of the human body. It should be free from taste except the natural saline one, and free from impurities.

☞ A bachelor of thirty-seven years standing has been fined ten dollars in Canada, not for playfully kissing a neighbor's wife, but for afterwards telling of it. Served him right!

☞ The following dialogue between hostile pickets is decidedly good:—Yank.—"You fellows are awful ragged, but I swow you all fight like glitout." Reb.—"Ragged! fight! I reckon we do. But you just wait till we get naked—that's all."

☞ The burning of the Cathedral at Santiago, Chili, has taught its inhabitants a lesson. A firm in Boston has sent there a hand-engine, two hose-carriages, and 2,200 feet of hose, and are about supplying an order for two more carriages.

☞ The Grass-Valley National, of California, mentions the discovery, in its vicinity, of a bee-tree with a large bee-hive, honey, and bees all petrified. The remaining portion of the tree in which the hive was found is two and a half feet in diameter, and about forty feet long. It was found seventy-five feet beneath the surface of the earth.

☞ Professor Caswell, of Brown University, denies the story which has started on its travels, that a comet is nearing our sphere, with a tail of ponderous length. He says there is no such comet anywhere in our system at the present time.

☞ KEROSENE LAMP WICKS.—A correspondent says: "In the present price of kerosene lamp wicks, people can make a better wick than they buy by taking cotton flannel, of which all have pieces, and folding it up three thicknesses, just wide enough to go into the tube, and catching the edge with coarse stitches."

LATEST NEWS.

Of the movements on Richmond by Grant and Sheridan's corps we have many further details. Our lines in general and Fort Johnson in particular, were attacked on the 29th. Gregg's cavalry and the 2d and 5th of Warren's corps were engaged, and in front of Warren's position very severe and repeated charges of the enemy on the centre, right and left were made, but were repulsed with great slaughter and severe loss. General Meade moved to the extreme left in the direction of Hatcher Church, and gained important positions. Gregg's cavalry was heavily engaged with the rebels on Poplar Grove, having been on a reconnoissance in that direction. We have not his report through the Secretary of War, which is very close to Richmond.

Gen. Sheridan sent an official despatch to the War Department from Harrisonburg on the day evening. He pursued Early to Strasburg through New Market, then thoroughly routed him up the valley and took the remaining guns. The pursuit was kept up to Fort Republic and to Cross Keys, where Early made a stand. The rebels were driven from their position, and Sheridan encamped for the night at Harrisonburg. Early's losses in prisoners, guns, &c., during the pursuit, are very large. It is believed he completely broke up the Lynchburg line of supply, and thereby cut off the rebel forces in the valley from their base of supplies. Sheridan's command is in excellent condition for the field, and in the very best condition. The withdrawal of the south-western part of the state out flanking to St. Louis, and a great many have already followed them. Our forces are being rapidly reinforced.

Gen. Sully had another battle with Indians on the 21st ult., and defeated them. Capt. Fisk's Idaho train had been attacked by the Indians.

☞ An Englishman, employed at the Dudley Works of Blackcountry, recently drew (for a wager) another man, weighing 168 pounds, in a volley, a distance of eight miles in three hours. At the end of the route he felt somewhat fatigued.

☞ A retired sportsman in Paris has opened a store for the sale of game to the French cooks, who go out to shoot but can hit nothing.

☞ Jennie June, in her recent "Talks on Women's Topics," says that in almost every instance where a man marries a sensible woman, it is after he has met with a severe disappointment in not marrying a fool.

☞ An astronomer at Munich has predicted the appearance of a comet next year, which is to approach our earth so nearly as to consume us all into ashes and smoke. For 1833, a French seer prophesied a similar consummation; and much hold did the prediction take on the public mind, that the Professors of the Observatory officially repudiated the calculations on which it was based.

☞ If an ugly old woman quarrels with us, it is easy to shake hands and forget. If a young and pretty one, to kiss and forgive.

☞ Every man is involuntarily original in at least one thing—his manner of meaning.

☞ Surgeon General Barnes has issued an order to the superintendents of hospitals, directing them to permit soldiers able to travel and yet unfit for duty to visit their homes and remain until after the Presidential election.

☞ A lady has computed that if the women of America would dispense with the extra twelve inch tail piece to their dresses, a saving of $1,000,000 would be effected.

☞ George William Curtis, at the Brown University celebration, not long ago, assured the "honored brethren and regular graduates" that they were "the children of a prolonged Brown study."

☞ An old gentleman, on retiring from business, gave the following sage advice to his son and successor: "Common sense, my son, is valuable in all kinds of business—except love-making."

☞ The Boston Transcript learns that Mrs. General Leader, formerly Miss J. M. Davenport, the accomplished and well-known actress, has decided to resume her profession next November.

☞ In Portland there is a match factory that will this *year* pay an internal revenue tax of $240,000.

☞ Crinoline has been abolished at the opera in Paris under penalty of fine.

☞ Count Nesselrode, of Russia, when asked what had prolonged his life, replied: "Music and flowers." The late Duke of Wellington was one of the most constant supporters of the opera.

☞ A young lady should take heed when an admirer bends low before her. The best beau is dangerous.

☞ It is a curious propensity in most dogs to howl at the moon, especially when shining the brightest. In the same manner, it may be observed, that any eminent person who is striving to enlighten the world is sure to be assailed by the furious clamor and abuse of the bigoted and envious. This is a thing disgusting in itself—as the howling of dogs is an unpleasant sound;—but still it is a sign and accompaniment of a man's success in doing service to the public. And if he is truly a wise man, he will take no more notice of it than the moon does of the howling of the dogs. Her only answer to them is, to shine on.

☞ "Nobody ever lost anything by love," said a sage looking person. "That's not true," said a young lady, who heard the remark, "for I once lost three night's sleep."

☞ An exchange, commenting on the fact that a number of Cincinnati young ladies have been married and carried away to other places, says no city has a better claim to supply *spare ribs* for the immense West.

☞ John Milton's house in Barbican, London, which is being demolished, was occupied by a dyer named Heaven, who has placarded the premises thus: "Removal of Heaven, the premises being required for the Metropolitan railway."

☞ Franklin was once asked, "What is the use of your discovery of atmospheric electricity?" The philosopher answered the question by another, "What is the use of a new-born infant?"

SLEEPING AND WAKING.

My child hid left her home to bide,
The place I vacated in her stead,
Who tended still my day and guided me
A little every day I walked,
And when with, in cheerful talk,
"The baby slept all night again."

All hallowed by her sweet and prayer
We stayed with me, in blessed rest.
If day the morning, slept, I knew
My dove would flutter sweetly too;
And so I wrote her now and then
"The baby slept all night again."

One sweet he laughed at my side,
Dandelion, and with the day he died,
And day with him. It was my will
That she I loved to happy still.
So wrote I in my sweetest strain,
"The baby slept all night again."

But when, in turn, she finally wrote,
Her pen almost trailing in her note,
Of sadness talk about the last
Of him who slept so cold and dead,
I cut the bitter truth in two,
"He sleeps to wake no more again."

And when upon my breast she lay,
And sobbed her precious bloom away,
And grief that grief, while of the dead
We thought, within his narrow bed,
I said, and saw it eased her pain,
"He wakes, to sleep no more again."

OSWALD CRAY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "Verner's Pride," "The Shadow of Ashlydyat," "Squire Trevlyn's Heir," "The Mystery," etc., etc.

Electrotyped according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Messrs. T. B. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

PART XLIV.

THE EVENING OF THE BLOW.

It was the peculiarity of Miss Bettina Davenal, to be more especially deaf when suddenly surprised or annoyed. Possibly it is the sense with most deaf people. Sara Davenal stood before her in her drawing-room striving to make her comprehend the state of affairs relating to the Great Wheal Bang; and not at first successfully. Miss Bettina had not understood why Mrs. Cray had driven round in hurried agitation that morning and carried off Sara by storm; Caroline would not explain why, and Sara could not. Sara had returned home now, willing to afford every explanation; indeed believing it to be her duty so to do; but Miss Bettina, offended at the morning's slight, was keeping her heart closed, and when that was shut, the ears would not open.

"What d'you say? You went up to the office? I should like to know what took you and Caroline to the offices? Young ladies don't want to go to such places."

"She went to try to see Mark, aunt."

"Ugh!" growled Miss Bettina. "Mark told her, indeed! If Mark Cray told her to go down the mine amidst the lead, she'd do it. Doesn't he see enough of her at home?"

"She went to try to see Mark, Aunt Bettina," repeated Sara, more slowly. "I—I am afraid they are ruined."

"Serve them right," returned Miss Bettina, catching the last word, but attaching no importance to it.

"Some news has come up from Wales, from the mine; very disastrous news. Caroline says a Mr. Brackenbury called in Grosvenor Place last night—"

"Mr. Who?"

"Mr. Brackenbury. She did not know then why he called, but Mr. Oswald Cray has now told her that he brought the first news of it to Mark. It had come up to him by telegram."

Miss Bettina Davenal bent her ear.

"He came up by telegram! What do you mean by that? Have they got a new invention that brings up people, pray? Why are you not more careful how you speak, Miss Sara Davenal?"

"I said the news came up by telegram, aunt. It came to Mr. Brackenbury; and that's why he called on Mark last night. At least, so Mr. Oswald Cray told Caroline. Caroline had been surprised or annoyed at his visit; she did not understand it; and she mentioned it to Mr. Oswald Cray."

Miss Bettina lifted her hands helplessly.

"What's any Mr. Brackenbury to me?—or Oswald Cray either? I want to know why Caroline took you to those offices to-day?"

"I am trying to tell you, aunt," said poor Sara. "Mark went up to the offices early this morning, before Caroline was awake; he came home again about eleven, saying he had forgotten something, but Caroline thought his manner absent and strange. He left again; and, soon after, the house was invaded by quite a crowd of men, gentlemen, demanding to see him—"

"Had they got an organ with them?"

Miss Bettina's interruption took Sara rather aback.

"An organ, aunt? I don't know what you mean."

"Not know what I mean!" was the wrathful answer. "Crowds don't collect round houses unless there's a cause; organ's or monkeys, or some such nonsense. What did they collect there for?"

Sara bent her head lower and strove to speak with even more distinctness.

"It was a crowd of gentlemen, aunt; gentlemen from the city; though perhaps I ought not to have said a crowd, but it was what Caroline called it to me. They came down in handsome cabs, she said, and they were fierce in their demands to see Mark, and they'd hardly go away again, and they said the mine was ruined. Caroline was alarmed, and she went up herself to try to see Mark, but she did not like to go alone, and came round for me."

The words were as a hopeless jumble in Miss Bettina's ear; their sense nowhere.

"I wish you'd be clear," she said, tartly. "If you want to tell me a thing, tell it in a straightforward manner. Why do you mix up crowds and organs with it?"

"Dear aunt, I never said a word about an organ. The—mine—is—ruined," she added, almost sick of heart with her task.

"What's ruined?" shrieked Miss Bettina.

"The mine. The Great Wheal Bang."

Miss Bettina heard this time. She had lived in expectation of the move ever since the Great Wheal Bang first jumped into existence. Nevertheless it startled her; and an impression of the way out of her ruffled feelings, as the second thing, on Sara with a questioning gaze.

"I believe the water has got in. They say it is other ruin. And Mark Cray can't be found."

"What has Mark Cray found?"

"He can't be found, aunt. He was not at the office when we got there, and the shareholders—as I suppose the people were—attacked the carriage; some of them have such a great deal of money in the mine. There was no real danger, of course; but Mr. Oswald Cray got us out of it."

Miss Bettina stared hopelessly.

"Oswald Cray got you out of the mine! What are you talking of?"

"Out of the carriage, aunt; not out of the mine. That's in Wales."

"Do you suppose I thought it was in London?" retorted offended Miss Bettina. "You'll be obligingly informing me what my own name is, next. Where is Mark Cray?"

"No one seems to know. His wife does not; except that he said to her he might have to go down to Wales this evening, and she was not to mention it. She is in great uncertainty and distress. Aunt, you never saw such a commotion as the street was in. Oswald Cray said—"

"What did he say?" asked Miss Bettina, for she had really caught the words, but Sara had stopped suddenly.

"Well, one does not like to blame the absent, and there's no knowing what urgent business may have called Mark away: but Oswald Cray says he ought to have stayed, at all risks, and faced the shareholders."

"No," discussed Miss Bettina, "Mark Cray would rather run from a danger than face it. Those vacillating men are always cowards. Will the company be quite broken up?"

"I should think it is broken up already," observed Sara. "Where's the use of it, now that the mine's full of water? I heard one man make use of the expression that it was 'drowned.'"

"Who's drowned?" exclaimed Miss Bettina, lifting her head in some alarm. "The shareholders?"

"The mine, aunt."

"The mine drowned! What has drowned it?"

"I thought I told you, aunt. There has been an irruption of water; an—irruption—of—water: the mine is overflowing with it."

"Then it's not the company that has smashed!" exclaimed Miss Bettina.

"No, it is the mine."

"Tell me about it."

It was what Sara had been trying to do all along. By dint of trouble and patience she contrived at last to impart to her aunt a general summary of the state of affairs; and after the truth had dawned on Miss Bettina and she had in some degree digested it, her sense of hearing grew clearer. It was invariably the case; she never could hear when at all perplexed.

"What does Caroline say to it?" were her first words.

"She is as frightened as a child. I fear she will not be a good one to bear her misfortunes. I went home with her and remained some time; it was that made me so late. When I came away she was growing very angry with Mark; she says he ought to have told her of it this morning."

"And so she ought," said Miss Bettina. "Ah! I never cordially approved that match for Caroline, and the doctor knew it." She'll see what he's made of now. You say you came in contact with the shareholders: what did they say?"

Sara hesitated.

"They were saying very disagreeable things, Aunt Bettina."

"That's not telling me what they said."

"They talked of deceit and—and swindling. They seem dreadfully bitter against Mark Cray."

"Dreadfully what against him?"

"Bitter."

"Oh," said Miss Bettina. "Mark Cray's a fool in more ways than one; but they should blame themselves, not him. Mark told them the mine was of gold, I daresay; but it was their fault if they believed it. A man might come to me and say, if you will give me a ten-pound note I'll bring it you back to-morrow doubled, and if I fell into the trap I ought not to turn my anger on him. Mark Cray *believed* in the mine: these schemers are so sanguine."

Sara bent her head until her lips almost touched her aunt's ear, and lowered her voice to a cautious tone: but somehow it was terribly distinct to Miss Bettina.

"Aunt, I fear it is not quite so straightforward as you think. There was an irruption of water in the summer, a slight one, I fancy, and Mark and Mr. Barker concealed it. It is this which makes the shareholders so angry, and they say—they say they can prosecute him for it."

"Who said this?" asked Miss Bettina, after a pause.

"I can hardly tell who. We heard a great deal of talking altogether. One gentleman came up to Mr. Oswald Cray as he was taking us to the carriage again, and asked him if he was not Mark's brother. Oswald replied that he was Mark's half-brother; and then the gentlemen said harsh things, and Oswald could not stop him, and could not get us by."

Miss Bettina poured forth question upon question. Incensed as she had been against Mark Cray and his wife for the past months, much as she had blamed their folly, sharp as were her prophecies of the final results, perhaps this was worse than she had bargained for. She had looked for ruin, but not for criminal disgrace.

"And Mark can't be found, you say?" she asked, her tone a shrill one.

"No."

She sat down to the dinner-table, for the day had gone on to evening, dispatching Neal for a fly while she ate a bit, and then she went out, taking Sara. "Grosvenor Place," she said to Neal. And that observant domestic knew by the compressed lips, the clasped hands, the rigid head, how inwardly flurried was his mistress.

They found Caroline in a state of emotion, bordering upon hysteria. Fear, anger, perplexity, and despair, succeeding each other so rapidly that her mood may have been said to savor of the whole at once. Poor Caroline Cray knew nothing of either endurance or reticence; her anger against Mark was great at the present moment, and she gave way to it loudly.

"Where is he?" was the first pointed question of Miss Davenal.

"I don't know where he is. He might have trusted me. It's not his fault if the water has come into the mine, and he had no reason to go away; and if he had gone, he might have taken me. Barker has been down here in a dreadful passion, and says Mark was not a good fellow to stand a scrape on his and leave him alone all day to fight the battle with the shareholders. A hundred people, about, have been into other Mark, and he's always said that I should be left to bear all the scrapes."

"Is Oswald Cray with you?" asked Miss Bettina.

"Oh, my goodness, I don't suppose he'll come here again," returned poor Caroline, half bursting herself. "I thought him cold and queer in his manner to-day. Barker says he is vexed at losing his thousand pounds; and that Mark got two hundred more from him last night after he knew the mine had gone. Oswald said nothing to me, but of course he is incensed at it."

Miss Davenal had been listening with her hand to her ear, and she heard pretty well.

"Do you know the particulars of the calamity?" she asked. "Is the mine irretrievably ruined?"

"I don't know anything, except that I'm fit to go mad," she answered, beginning to sob like a petulant child.

In that one first moment of the blow, Miss Davenal was generous enough to spare reproaches for all the folly of the past, though she had plenty at her tongue's end. She had not sat down since she entered; she had stood right and upright; and when she went out to the fly she ordered it to Mr. Oswald Cray's.

"Tell the man to drive quickly," said Miss Bettina to Neal. "What do you say, Sara? Let you stop with Caroline? Caroline wants neither you nor me; I can see that. There'll be trouble over this."

Mrs. Cray had not chosen an inapt word when she said Oswald must be incensed against Mark. It was precisely Oswald's present state of feeling. He saw that the thousand pounds had been nothing but a stop-gap; not drawn from him for his own good and benefit, as Mark so largely boasted, but for Mark's own necessities. And as to the two hundred pounds of the previous night, the money of the firm—Oswald did boil over at the thought of that. Oh, why could not Mark have been upright and open! why could he not have gone to Oswald with the truth upon his lip, and said, Let me have this two hundred pounds in my dire necessity, and I will repay you when I can. Oswald was not the brother to refuse him.

Oswald had had a battle with himself. When he returned home after that scene in the city, feeling that his money, the twelve hundred pounds, was irretrievably lost, he sat down and thought. Should he cancel the offer made to Frank Allister to go out to Spain, and take the appointment himself, as at first intended? Was he justified in foregoing it, under this unexpected loss? The same consideration swayed him now as previously; his own interest, versus Frank's health, perhaps life; but how weighty a balance was now thrown into his own scale.

If ever Oswald had need of a better guidance than his own, he had need now. He was conscious of it. Perhaps of his own self he could not have yielded to do the right; to do as he believed would be right in the sight of God. He had many failings, as we all have; and his pride often stood in his way; but he had one great and good gift—a conscience that was ever prompting him on the upward way.

"No, I will not hesitate," he said to himself. "The necessity for Allister's going remains the same, and he shall go. I must over-get this other loss as I best can, though it may be years first; but I'll not set my own interest against Allister's life."

And so Frank Allister and his sister received no countermand, and they proceeded to Mr. Oswald Cray's that evening, to talk over arrangements, as it had been decided they should; and they never knew the sacrifice that had been made for them, or had the least suspicion that Mr. Oswald Cray had yielded up the appointment.

When Miss Davenal and Sara arrived, Mrs. Benn received them. That errant husband of hers, and valued servant of the firm, was out again. This was *not* Mrs. Benn's cleaning day; but any little extra duty, though it was but the receiving a visitor at unusual hours, put her out excessively; and it was not usual for a levee of ladies to attend the house in an evening. She appeared at the door with the ordinary crusty face and a candle in her hand.

"Is Mr. Oswald Cray at home?" was Neal's demand.

"Yes he is," returned Mrs. Benn, speaking as if somebody had injured her very much indeed.

Neal stepped back to the fly, and opened the door for the ladies to alight. Mrs. Benn stared at the proceedings with all her eyes.

"Well, if this don't beat everything!" she ejaculated, partly to herself, partly to the street. "If he was agoing to have a party to-night, he might have told me, I think. And that there Benn! to go out, and never light the hall lamp first! It cracks my arms to do it: a nasty high, awk'ard thing. Will he be for ordering tea for 'em, I wonder? when there ain't nothing but a hot loaf in the house, and one pat o'but—"

"Show me to Mr. Oswald Cray's private rooms," came the interrupting voice of Miss Davenal as she entered.

"This way," returned sulky Mrs. Benn, "there's one of 'em there already."

The one of 'em there must have applied to the assumed evening party, for in the sitting-room sat Jane Allister. Her bonnet was off; her shawl was unpinned; her fair face was serene and contented as one in her own home. Miss Davenal bowed stiffly in her surprise; and the rebellious jealousy rose up in Sara's heart.

"Is Mr. Oswald Cray not here?" asked Miss Davenal, halting on the threshold.

Jane Allister came forward with her good and candid face; and Miss Davenal's reserved tone relaxed. "Mr. Oswald Cray is down stairs with my brother and another gentleman. They are settling some business together; I don't think they will be long."

Miss Davenal did not hear, but Sara repeated the words to her. They sat down; and Miss Allister finding the elder lady was deaf, took her seat by Sara.

"I had once the pleasure of seeing you in an omnibus, I think," she said, with the open freedom that in her was so pleasing. "You wanted to be put down at Essex Street in the Strand."

Sara bowed her head. She remembered too well the day and all that was connected with it. "I think," she said, "you are Miss Allister?"

"Yes, I am Jane Allister. I came here to-night to settle particulars about our Spanish journey," she added, as if in apology for being found there. "I am going to live in Spain."

Sara heard it as one in a dream. Oswald Cray was going to Spain for a lengthened residence: he had said her so when she was in that room a fortnight ago. If Jane Allister was going with him, why then it must be that they were to be married immediately.

Her face flushed; her brow grew moist. In a sort of desperation, in her eager wish to know the worst at once, she turned to Jane Allister.

"Are you going with Mr. Oswald Cray?"

"I am going with my brother."

"With—you—brother! And not with Mr. Oswald Cray?"

"No, surely not. How could I go with Mr. Oswald Cray? It would not be proper," she simply added.

"I—I thought—I meant at the wish," said poor Sara, all confused in her bewilderment. "I beg your pardon."

"At the wish!—Mr. Oswald Cray's! No, but that is an unlikely thing to fancy. I am not suitable to Mr. Oswald Cray. Do you know him?"

"Oh yes."

"Then you might have been sure he'd not cast his thoughts to a plain body like me. Why should he? I am not his equal in position. He has been a brother to Frank, and I reverence him beyond any one I know, as a good and true friend. That's all."

Why did her heart give a great bound as of hope at the words, when she knew—when she *knew* that he was lost to her? Oswald Cray came bounding up the stairs, but a mist had gathered before Sara's eyes, and she saw nothing clearly.

"Frank is waiting for you, Jane. He will not come up stairs again."

"Does he know about everything?"

"Everything, I think. We have discussed it all, and he will tell you. But he is coming again in the morning."

Oswald had spoken as he shook hands with Miss Davenal. Another moment and they were alone together: the young Scotch lady had left the room.

"Mr. Oswald Cray, you must tell me all you know of this unhappy business, from beginning to end," said Miss Davenal. "I have come to you for the information, and I beg you to conceal nothing. Is Mark Cray in danger?"

Oswald scarcely knew in what sense to take the word. He hesitated as he looked at Miss Davenal.

"He is your half-brother, he is my nephew by marriage," she said; "but he is a rogue, and a disgrace to both of us, if what I hear be true. Surely we may speak freely of him one to the other! Can he be arrested for anything worse than debt? I believe he can: by you, if by no one else."

"So far as I know, there is no one else," replied Oswald. "Of course he is safe for me: he is my father's son."

"And how has all this come about? Let me hear the whole of it; the best and the worst. His wife professes to know nothing, and it was of no use my asking her. The water has got into the mine."

"It is said to be overflowing it; but particulars are not ascertained yet. Has Mark Cray been heard of?"

"Tell it to Sara," said Miss Davenal, drawing up her bent head. "I don't hear quite all. She will repeat it to me at home."

It was a confession of deafness that perhaps had never been heard before from Miss Davenal. Oswald turned to Sara, and gravely related what he knew. It was not much more than Sara had known before, and he suppressed the account of Mark's treachery towards himself. But Miss Davenal, who, if she could not hear, could put questions, particularly pressed him on these points.

"They talk of ruin," observed Sara. "Is a mine necessarily ruined—rendered good for nothing—by the irruption of water into it?"

"Not necessarily so. But, to get the water out, generally involves a great cost of time and money. In this case, by what we can hear, the irruption appears to be unusually great, and there are no funds to meet it."

"And you think it is certainly ruin?"

"Utter ruin to Mark Cray. Partial ruin to some of the shareholders."

A half cry escaped Sara's lips. "What will Caroline do?—what will become of her?"

"Become of her!" shrilly echoed Miss Davenal, whose ear had been again bent. "She and Mark should have thought of that before. I wonder what he'd give to have his good practice at Hallingham back again now?"

There was nothing to remain for: Oswald was almost as much in the dark as they were; but he promised to pay a visit to Miss Davenal as soon as he had learnt more. He took her out to the fly upon his arm, placed her in it, and turned to Sara.

"The last time I saw you I had a journey in my head," he said in a low tone: "I told you I was going to Spain."

"Yes?"

"I am not going now. I have given up the idea. We shall send out a gentleman instead; my friend, Frank Allister. Good night; good night, Miss Davenal."

Severely upright in the carriage sat Miss Davenal, her countenance one picture of condemnation for the absent Mark. Only once did she open her lips to Sara opposite to her, and that was as the carriage turned out of the glare and gas of the more populous streets to the quiet one which contained their home.

"What would your brother Edward say to this, were he at home?"

What would he say to something else? As the carriage drew up to the door, a female figure was slowly pacing before it, as if in waiting. And Sara shrank into the remotest corner of the carriage with a shiver of dread, for she recognised her for the stranger, Catherine Wentworth.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SNAKES USED AS WATCH DOGS.—Sir Emerson Tennent, in his works on Ceylon, mentions a communication he received from a gentleman well known in Ceylon, regarding the cobra, the great snake of India: "Did you ever hear of tame cobras being kept and domesticated about a house, going in and out at pleasure, and in common with the rest of the inmates? In our family, near Negombo, cobras are kept as protectors in the place of dogs by a wealthy man, who has always large sums of money in his house. But this is not a solitary case of the kind. I heard it only the other day, but from undoubtedly good authority. The snakes glide about the house, a terror to thieves, but never attempting to hurt the inmates."

☞ "Why does the operation of hanging kill a man?" inquired Dr. Whately. A physiologist replied, "Because inspiration is checked, circulation stopped, and blood ceases and oppresses the brain." "Bosh," replied His Grace, "it is because the rope is not long enough to let his feet touch the ground."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Complaint of a Young Wife.

Her labors past, within doors and without,
Her busy work pushed bravely all about,
The priest away, and the parents, all gone,
The last and weary duties done,
But there in sunlight, but gayness upon
And heavy labor for the poor,
"All from the post we take demands,
Folks—no, did I, a delightful maid,
Wife, what is half been well to marry,
Oh! could I be a maid again,
That man must be a man of mine
Who would lighten the maid to marry."

The Pneumatic Railroad in the Grounds of the Crystal Palace, London.

[SEE ENGRAVING ON FIRST PAGE.]

Some time ago we gave an engraving of the Pneumatic railway for the forwarding of parcels now the same idea has been applied to the transportation of passengers. The engraving below represents a model railway now in operation in London. It is about six hundred yards, or over a third of a mile long.

A brick tunnel, about 20 ft. high by 9 ft. wide, and capable of allowing the largest carriages used on the Great Western Railway, has been laid with a single line of valley fitted with opening and closing valves at each extremity, and supplied with all other apparatus for propelling passenger-trains on this principle, by a strong draught of air behind the train when it travels in one direction, and pumping away the air in front of it when it travels the other way. The motive power is supplied by this engine seen. At the departure station a large fan-wheel, 22 ft. in iron disc, concave in surface and 22 ft. in diameter, is made to revolve, by the aid of a small stationary engine, at such speed as may be required, the pressure of the air increasing, of course, according to the rapidity of the revolutions, and thus generating the force necessary to send the heavy carriage up a steeper incline than is to be found upon any existing railway. The disc greatly in an iron case resembling that of a large paddle-wheel; and from its boss project the partitions of air screen of it causing curvature. When driving the air into the upper end of the tunnel to propel the down-train, fresh quantities rush to the surface of the disc to supply the partial vacuum thus created; and, on the other hand, when the disc is exhausting the air in the tunnel with the view of drawing back the up-train, the air rushes out in a perfect hurricane from the escape valves of the disc case. When the down journey is to be performed, the brakes are taken off the wheels, and the carriage moves by its own momentum into the mouth of the tube, passing in its course over a long air-slit in the floor, covered with an iron grating. Up this opening a gust of wind is sent by the disc, when a valve, formed by a pair of iron doors, hung like lock-gates, immediately closes firmly over the entrance of the tunnel, enclosing the intervening atmosphere in pressure between the valve and the rear of the carriage. The force being then brought to bear upon the end of the train, the latter, close up against the valve, glides smoothly along towards its destination, the involving disc keeping up the needful power until it reaches the other station, whence its own momentum again enables it to carry it the rest of the distance. The return journey, on the contrary, is effected by the aid of the exhausting process. At a given signal a valve is opened, and the disc-wheel set to work in withdrawing the air from the tube. Near the upper end of the tube there is a large aperture, or side-vault, which forms the throat through which the air is exhaled, the iron doors at the upper terminus still being kept shut. In a second or two the train posted at the lower terminus, yielding to the exhausting process going on in its front, and urged by the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere from behind, moves off on its upward journey, and, rapidly ascending the incline, approaches the iron gates, which fly open to receive it, and emerges at once into daylight. Instead of a train being used at Sydenham, there is one very long, roomy, and comfortable carriage, resembling an elongated omnibus, and capable of accommodating some thirty or three-five passengers. Passengers enter this carriage at each end, and the entrances are closed with sliding glass doors. Fixed behind the carriage, there is a framework of the same form, and nearly the same dimensions, as the sectional area of the tunnel, and attached to the outer edge of this frame is a fringe of bristles forming a thick brush. As the carriage moves along through the tunnel the brush comes into close contact with the arched brickwork, so as to prevent the escape of the air. With this elastic collar round it, the carriage forms a close-fitting piston, against which the propulsive force is directed. Although the curve in the tunnel is unusually sharp, being of eight chains radius, and the gradients are as high as one in fifteen (those of Holborn Hill being only one in eighteen), it is surprising that the motion is much steadier and pleasanter than ordinary railway travelling. The journey of six hundred yards is performed either way in about fifty seconds, with an atmospheric pressure of only two ounces and a half to the square inch; but a higher rate of speed, if desirable, can easily be obtained.

A SALUTARY THOUGHT.—When I was a young man there lived in our neighborhood a farmer who was usually reported to be a very liberal man, and uncommonly upright in his dealings. When he had any of the produce of his farm to dispose of, he made it an invariable rule to give good measure—rather more than would be required of him. One of his friends observing him frequently doing so, questioned him as to why he did it; he told him he gave too much, and said it would be to his disadvantage. Now, dear reader, mark the answer of this excellent man:

"God has permitted me but one journey through the world, and when I am gone I cannot return to rectify mistakes."

Think of this. There is but one journey through life.

☞ A young minister, in a highly elaborate sermon which he preached, said several times, "The commentators do not agree with me here." Next morning a poor woman came to see him, with something in her apron. She said her husband heard his sermon, and thought it was very fine; and as he said "the commentators did not agree with him," he had sent him some of the very best kidneys.

Down in the valley the chestnut burs
Drop heavily pierced with fallen nuts,
And a noisy squirrel, unbidden guest,
In ripples awakes the tented grass.
The whirling straw like silver glints
Through dreamy vistas that wash and fade;
And the sunlight, falling in clearing beams,
Rather deep in the heart of the forest shades
On mossy mounds the lowly pine,
Is fringed with purple and tassel with fire;
The sweet in the chestnut grows and shines;
And the weather-vane is a gilded wire.

The tapering cedar, like a spear,
Starts out of the cliff, where youth revealed
The rocky ledges, and the hard quartz
Like spots of amber within the lead.
And the bashful bramble of cloud are seen
To fondle fairy, or with modest shame
Withdraw their veils above the hills between.
And overhead is a yellow mist of flame.
And the farmer's boy, all aglow with light,
Looks over the cliff where the cedars grow,
And shades with his hand his dazzled sight,
And calls to his cockerels down below.
Then the beaten woodlands echo and ring,
And the earth and sky seem so absent with him,
A pastly moth is the hawk's fleet wing;
And the enclosing landscape seems to swim.
On yonder hill side a cottage shines,—
The window-casement flashes and gleams—
It nestles amid its shattering vines
Of glistening ivy like a rose.
And there in the porch two lovers woo—
Her slender figure his arms enfold;
While two doves in the dovecot bill and coo,
And ruffle their necks of green and gold.

THE DRY WELL!

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

"The best thing you can do, William, my boy," said my uncle kindly, after bringing his spectacles to bear for the third time upon an open letter which lay on his desk, in our shady little counting-house at Montego Bay, in the island of Jamaica, "the best thing you can do is to close at once with the offer of Marshall Brothers. Theirs is a first-rate firm, and the principals are worth men. You speak Spanish fairly, and the salary——"

"Never mind the salary, sir; I don't like leaving you; and how in the business to go on without the head-clerk I'm sure I don't know. But when my father, your brother, sent me over to assist to relieve from exhaustion, and go home to end his days in his native country, and at the same time strongly urged on me the propriety of becoming the very handsome offer of Marshall Brothers, the affair was quickly settled; indeed, it would have been absurd on my part to neglect so fair an opportunity of pushing my fortunes in the commercial world. This is how matters stood on that summer's day of the year 1856. I, William Ford, was head-clerk and junior partner to my kind old relative, Samuel Roberts, Esq., J. P. of the parish of Montego, and a merchant. But Mr. Roberts, though liked and respected by everybody, was only a merchant in a very small way; his capital was not sufficient for extensive operations, and his old-fashioned house had been eclipsed and outstripped by wealthier and more pushing firms. For some years, the balance of profits had been exceedingly small, and the old gentleman had often hinted to us whether he should quit the colony, or wait for better times; and at last had come the offer I had spoken of, and my uncle made his mind up that I should accept it.

A very tempting offer. Marshall Brothers, a house of long standing and great wealth, were known and esteemed through all the West Indies. They had a place of business at Port Royal, and another at Kingston, but their chief warehouses and counting-houses were in the inland city of Monterey, where they resided. A very large proportion of the export and import trade of Mexico was in the hands of the firm; and as Marshall Brothers had advanced considerable sums on mortgage to the proprietors of neighboring estates, and had an interest in more than one silver-mine, they found it convenient to live in the interior, instead of remaining on the sea-coast, as foreign residents usually prefer to do. I had met Mr. John Marshall at the Havana, the year before, during a short sojourn which I made in Cuba, for the purpose of conducting a tobacco-speculation in which we had been fortunate; and the great merchant, an old correspondent of my uncle, had been pleased to take a fancy to me, which led to the proffer, "if Mr. Roberts could spare me," of a place of trust, high pay, and a prospective factorship or partnership.

Arrived at Monterey, I saw no reason, at first, to doubt the wisdom of my choice. True, the journey had been rough, but a few hardships mattered little to a healthy young Englishman of twenty-four, whose three years in the Antilles had not robbed his limbs of the elastic strength due to a sound constitution and a boyhood spent in boating and cricket. True, again, the climate was none of the safest; the town is squalid and dirty as towns in New Spain are apt to be; and the province, as customary, in a disturbed condition. But stories of Mexican anarchy and Mexican bandits were sufficiently familiar to my ears; I had outgrown the fear of yellow fever; and was fully disposed to be pleased with my new abode and its hospitable inmates.

I was very well received. Mr. John, the junior of the two wealthy brothers who gave name to the firm, was a bachelor still, at eight-and-fifty; but Mr. Peregrine was married, and had a large grown-up family, all of whose members were agreeable enough in their several ways. Next to the governor's palace, which was falling to ruin, and that of the bishop, which was ugly to a degree, the mansion of Marshall Brothers was certainly the finest in Monterey, though many Ricos had their town-houses in the city. A noble pile it was, though not in accordance with any known style of architecture; but, in truth, the old house had been the residence of some Aztec lord, perhaps a Montezuma's Lieutenant of Montezuma's, and the gigantic masonry often excited my admiration for the untold labours of the dusky subjects of the great builder, whose bones were, doubtless, mingled with the mortar of the walls. Above, of massive stone, of the colossal proportions of all Aztec work, the house had only a ground floor, and was built round a square court, or patio, with a fountain in the centre. Around this court ran a broad corridor, or gallery, on to which opened the doors of the suites of apartments, or sets of rooms, which formed the dwelling. Above, in the Aztec times, were the sleeping chambers of the family, or harem, as they believed with, and were similar to, the chambers above the ground floor; but these, though there were plenty of them, were unoccupied, save in the great festivities, which in those unsettled times were rarely celebrated. Below, in the Aztec times, nothing could surpass the luxury of the first or lowest story of the Genius Franchises, or Spaniards who drove the prior and did his bidding. They, they thought, should have had to lodge in the town at last they might. "Peregrine," said Mr. Peregrine, "don't, without absolute necessity. I won't have a member of my household whose heart doesn't warm to the mother-country, or whose sentiments——"

To this speech Mr. Peregrine had been very accustomed for so many years past, that, I believe, I did not think that he had answered or chosen to answer, his words of my hesitating but his own. Mr. John, on the other hand, was an unmitigated Yorkshire; but both the brothers were pleasant, in a business point of view; and I, accustomed to the petty ways of my uncle's establishment, was perfectly startled at first by the grasp and power of mind displayed by my new principals. However, I was lucky enough to give satisfaction to Marshall Brothers, and for a time all went on with almost unvarying smoothness.

The Spanish residents in Monterey, a rather stately colony, lived mostly in each other's society, and were not on very intimate terms with the natives. How, indeed, was it possible to be on a footing of any but formal friendliness with people so utterly opposed to the habits of Western Europe. The Mexican was reputed a hermit race, but his hermitage had probably grown rusty, for he was understood to pass most of his time in sleep. Sometimes I saw the poor in his solitude, sitting, with closed eyes, his thin, white hair straggling from under the velvet solero, and his heavy features as purple as the sunset as it were. In the cathedral, he encountered by two shepherds, and looked vast enough for his years; indeed, he was considered a favorable specimen of a Mexican grandee; and only the events of greatly-changed times, which followed his palmy and opulent with his servants, were understood to grudge him the existence that he dared away.

"If we lose him, I daresay we shall get some quarrelsome bigot in his place, and have our pesos excommunicated, and the cactus thrown out of cultivation, as happened in Don José's day. Or the next bishop may choose to fight the battle of church-lands, as in the case his predecessor at Durango, and melt the convent-plate, to bribe the garrison over to Miramon's standard. A quiet man is the best neighbor for us," said Mr. Peregrine.

As for the governor, the general, the judges, and indeed all the officials, they were, as customary in Mexico, persons of county education and indifferent reputation, who owed their places to their vehement partisanship of the faction then in power. Wretchedly paid, they eked out their salaries by bribes, and were obsequious or insolent, according to the character of those from whom they had expectations. The few respectable inhabitants of Monterey—often rich, and well-meaning for the most part—were landed proprietors, timid people, afraid of the soldiery, the populace, and the priests, and whose wives and daughters, save at church, or on the rare occasion of a tertulia, were seldom seen. Thus we foreigners were thrown very much together; and there was no house at which I visited more often, and where I was more anxious to stand well with the inmates, than that of Mr. Stacy. Mr. Stacy was a widower, and his bright-eyed daughter Rose kept house for him.

"Old Stacy is a capital fellow," observed young James Marshall, the only one of our principal's sons who chanced to be at home on my arrival, and who good-naturedly undertook to give me the *carte du pays*—"a capital fellow, and till last year was as cheerful and entertaining as possible, always ready for picnics, cricket-matches, or any fun that might be going. He sang a good second, too, and was the prime favorite with all the children in the place—never tired of playing master of the revels, or Lord of Misrule, as he called it, for them. You find him a little heavy in hand, now, don't you?"

I was obliged to admit that such was the case. It was the daughter, though I did not say so, and not the father, whose society attracted me to the Villa Stacy. I had regarded the banker as merely a gentle, silent person, who was good enough to welcome a countryman in a strange land very kindly indeed, and whose strong affection for his only child was patent to any one. But otherwise, there had seemed nothing about Mr. Stacy which could excite either curiosity or interest.

"You never saw a man so altered in a few months as poor old Stacy," said my young informant, who was himself, as he described it, "rising nineteen," and who looked on a man of forty-nine as a Methuselah. "He never got over the bolting of that confounded clerk—that Etienne Laplace, the Belgian fellow that he trusted so, and who had wormed himself into his employer's secrets, and knew all about his affairs. A smart accountant he was, a great dandy, and quite the gentleman; but he had a passion for gambling, was always at Monte with the worst rogues in Monterey—and we have rogues in Mexico, I can tell you, fellows who would cheat you out of your eye-teeth, if you sat down to play cards or dice with them. Well, this Laplace, who was cashier to Mr. Stacy, lost more than he could pay, robbed his master, and finally invested with all he could lay his claws upon. They do say that he had tried to win Miss Rose's heart, by way of buying security; and it's likely enough, for he was a vain chap, and thought himself irresistible. However, he was

[illegible] at a ball at the house of one of the [illegible] dashed down, and at the end of the [illegible] ...

[illegible] ... Mexico. [illegible] ... Stacy [illegible] ... Laplace [illegible] ... Mexico.

"The governor," observed my new comrade, "stuck to the place till they [illegible] ... his own head (which was no wonder, for we got a deal in return, and Stacy had been buying Government bonds for us) without a word of complaint; and [illegible] ... even by his best friends, not to show the white flag. He [illegible] ... the good reputation that he [illegible] ... Stacy [illegible] ... Mexico [illegible] ... Stacy [illegible] ... Mexico [illegible] ... Stacy [illegible] ... Mexico

[illegible] with the hand of a pig, super-cated [illegible] of [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Singular Fatality.

There is a very dangerous spot on the shore at Gorgona, Isle of Elvira. It is a shelf of rock on the high lee of a cliff, where you look down on the dashing and foaming of the breakers far below, and is called "Miss Unthrift's Child," because sixteen years ago a young lady of that name, while sitting there with her lover, was treacherously seized by an enormous wave, which dashed higher than usual, and swept her to a watery grave. Since then the place has been marked as dangerous because every year there are of those unreasoned waves dashing up from the depths below as if in search of prey. On the 10th inst., two young girls, Miss Lydia Vincent, of Rye, and Miss Beatrice Caswell, of Gorgona, were seated in the usual chair, resting in the magnificent display of receding waters below, when a mighty wave, swelling up from the depths, swept them away in plain sight of their agonized companions. One of them was seen no more. The other was for a brief and terrible moment left on a lower ledge of rock by the receding wave, and a boy who bravely attempted to give her his hand, barely escaped sharing her own sad fate, when she went down forever with the next rise and fall of the mighty waters. The body of her companion, it needs hardly be said, has been recovered.

☞ In Paris, cabmen can't cheat. They are paid by the mile, and a dial worked by clock-work, set in motion by the revolution of the wheels, shows the distance traveled.

A Scientific Vindicator Guaranteed on Rare Inducements.—Not a Dye.

For cleansing grey hair to its original color.
For promoting its growth and stopping its falling.
For cleansing the scalp, curing dandruff, &c.
For making the hair soft, flexible and glossy.
For preserving the original color to old age.

"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing."

Read this Certificate.

I am happy to add my testimony to the great value of the "London Hair Color Restorer," which restored my hair to its original dark color, and the hair appears to be permanent. I am satisfied that the preparation is nothing like a dye, but operates upon the secretions. It makes a beautiful hair dressing, and promotes the growth. I purchased the 7-8 Magic from Edward H. Carrigues, Druggist, Tenth and Cedar streets, who can also testify my hair was very gray when I commenced to use. Mrs. Miller,
No. 230 North Ninth street, Philadelphia.

Such testimony is daily received from all sections of the country. One bottle will satisfy any one that it is entirely different and vastly superior to all other hair preparations. Price 75 cents per bottle; six bottles, $5. Sold by Dr. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. Sent by express to any address. jy16-ow

Volunteers, Attention!—For the derangements of the system incidental to the climate, as diet, Wounds, Eruptions, and Exposure which every Volunteer is liable to, there are no remedies so safe, convenient and reliable as HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. If the reader of this notice cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the sutler store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the deposit, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many doctors will not keep my medicines at hand because they cannot make as large profit as on other powerful sales. 25 cents, 62 cents, and $1.50 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

Brown's Bronchial Troches.—This Universal Remedy for Coughs, Colds and Bronchial Affections now stands the test in public favor and confidence this result has been attained by a test of many years. Its merit and success have induced counterfeits to be offered; and we would caution the public against spurious imitations.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th of Sept., by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Edward D. Harbitt, to Miss Kate T. Sommer, both of this city.

On the 30th of Sept., by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Thomas Urwin, to Isabella F. Steel, of this city.

On the 16th of Sept., by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. John N. McGinley, to Miss Catharine Dickie, both of this city.

On the 20th of Sept., by the Rev. J. G. Maxwell, Mr. Matthew Mac Farr, to Miss Elizabeth S. Atkinson, both of this city.

On the 21st of Sept., by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr. Robert Adams, to Miss Annie Murphy, both of this city.

On the 16th of Sept., by the Rev. Mr. Bringhurst, Dr. T. A. Atherton, to Annie A., daughter of J. G. Howard, M. D.

On the 7th of Sept., by the Rev. John A. McKean, Mr. James R. Black, to Miss Emma L. C. Barton, both of this city.

On the 20th of Sept., by Friends' ceremony, in presence of Moses Henry, Isaac S. Wright, of Tullytown, Bucks county, Pa., to Mrs. Edith M. Bryant, of Rancocas, Burlington county, N. J.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 25th of Sept., George R. Justice, in his 31st year.

On the 26th of Sept., John J. Richardson, in his 40th year.

At Torresdale, Philada., Sept. 29th, John Bispham Myers, in his 6 ed year

On the 27th of Sept., of Cantrills, Alexander Wilson, in his 43d year.

On the 23d of Sept., Mrs. Elizabeth Lesher, widow of the late Austin Lesher, in her 43d year.

On the 27th of Sept., William H. Taylor, in his 23d year.

On the 26th of Sept., Caroline Miller, in her 26th year.

On the 28th of Sept., David Simpson, Sr., in his 89th year.

On the 24th of Sept., Catharine, widow of the late Jacob Armstrong, in her 69th year.

On the 26th of Sept., William Alexander, in his 55th year.

Eyre & Landell open to-day new goods for fall of 1864.
A 4-4 New Shawls.
Richest New Silks.
Richest Figured Mohaires.
Novelties in Dress Goods.
New Goods Daily Opening. mar18-1y

NEW ENTERPRISE.
AGENTS WANTED, MALE AND FEMALE.
For particulars send for WILSON'S new FAMILY SEWING MACHINE ADVERTISER and GAZETTE. Address MATHER & WILSON, Cleveland, Ohio. oct8-2t

CANCERS CURED.
CANCERS, TUMORS, WHITE SWELLINGS, &c., &c., cured without pain or the use of the knife. Send for Circular, free of charge. Addr ss
Drs BABCOCK & TOBIN,
oct8-3m 37 BOND Street, New York.

Wonderful! Strange!—Full instructions by which any person can master the art of Ventriloquism in a few hours and make a world of fun. Post by mail for 25 cents, or 5 for $1. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills. 11

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Thirty cents a line for each insertion.
☞ Payment at commencement of advertising.

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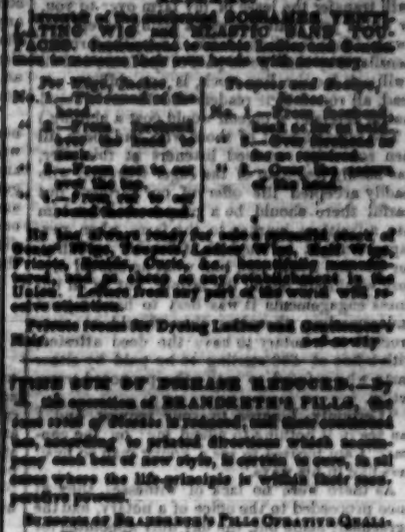

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